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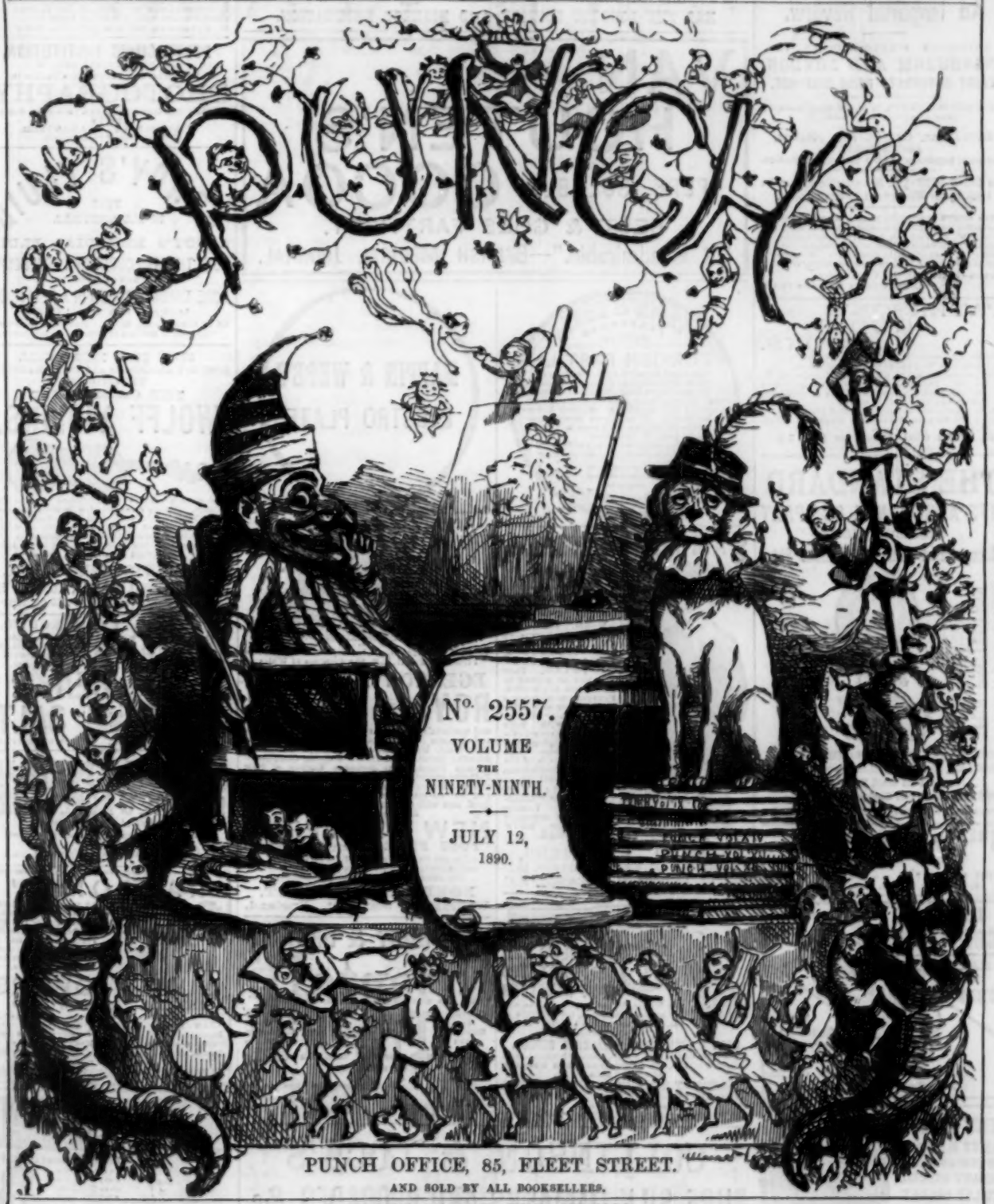


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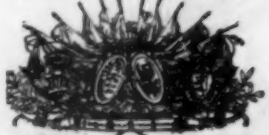

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## VOCES POPULI.

### AT THE MILITARY EXHIBITION.

IN THE AVENUE FACING THE ARENA.

*An Unreasonable Old Lady (arriving breathless, with her grandson and niece).* This'll be the place the balloon goes up from, I wouldn't miss it for anything! Put the child up on that bench, MARIA; we'll stand about here till it begins.

*Maria.* But *I* don't see no balloon nor nothing.

[*Which, as the foliage blocks out all but the immediate foreground, is scarcely surprising.*

*The U. O. L.* No more don't I—but it stands to reason there wouldn't be so many looking on if there wasn't *something* to see. We're well enough where we are, and *I'm* not going further to fare worse to please nobody; so you may do as you *like* about it.

[MARIA *promptly avails herself of this permission.*

*The U. O. L. (a little later).* Well, it's time they did *something*, I'm sure. Why the people seem all moving off! and where's that girl MARIA got to? Ah, here you are! So you found you were no better off?—*Next* time, p'raps, you'll believe what I tell you. Not that there's any War Balloon as *I* can see!

*Maria.* Oh, there was a capital view from where *I* was—out in the open there.

*The U. O. L.* Why couldn't you say so before? Out in the open! Let's go there then—it's all the same to *me!*

*Maria (with an undutiful giggle).* It's all the same now—wherever you go, 'cause the balloon's gone up.

*The U. O. L.* Gone up! What are you telling me, MARIA?

*Maria.* I see it go—it shot up ever so fast and quite steady, and the people in the car all waved their 'ats to us. I could see a arm a waving almost till it got out of sight.

*The U. O. L.* And me and this innocent waiting here on the seat like lambs, and never dreaming what was goin' on! Oh, MARIA, however you'll reconcile it to your conscience, *I* don't know!

*Maria.* Why, whatever are you pitching into *me* for!

*The U. O. L.* It's not that it's any partickler pleasure to *me*, seeing a balloon, though we *did* get our tea done early to be in time for it—it's the sly deceitfulness of your *conduck*, MARIA, which is all the satisfaction I get for coming out with you,—it's the feeling that—well, there, I won't *talk* about it!

[*In pursuance of which virtuous resolve, she talks about nothing else for the remainder of the day, until the unfortunate* MARIA *wishes fervently that balloons had never been invented.*

IN THE BUILDING.

*An admiring group has collected before an enormous pin-cushion in the form of a fat star, and about the size of a Church-hassock.*

*First Soldier (to his Companion)* Lot o' work in *that*, yer know!

*Second Soldier.* Yes. (*Thoughtfully.*) Not but what—(*becoming critical*)—if I'd been doin' it *myself*, I should ha' chose pins with smaller 'eds on 'em.

*First S. (regarding this as presumptuous).* You may depend on it the man who made *that* 'ad his reasons for choosing the pins he did—but there's no pleasing some parties!

*Second S. (apologetically).* Well, I ain't denying the *Art* in it, am I?

*First Woman.* I *do* call that 'andsome, SARAH. See, there's a star, and two 'arps, and a crownd, and I don't know what all—and all done in pins and beads! "Made by Bandsman BROWN," too! [*Reading placard.*

*Second W.* Soldiers is that clever with their 'ands. Four pounds seems a deal to ask for it, though.

*First W.* But look at the weeks it must ha' took him to do! (*Reading.*) "Containing between ten and eleven thousand pins and beads, and a hundred and ninety-eight pieces of coloured cloth!" Why, the pins alone must ha' cost a deal of money.

*Second W.* Yes, it 'ud be a pity for it to go to somebody as 'ud want to take 'em out.

*First W.* It ought to be bought up by Gover'ment, that it ought—they're well able to afford it.

*A select party of Philistines, comprising a young Man, apparently in the Army, and his* Mother *and* Sister, *are examining* Mr. GILBERT'S *Jubilee Trophy in a spirit of puzzled antipathy.*

*The Mother.* Dear me, and *that's* the Jubilee centrepiece, is it? What a heavy-looking thing. I wonder what *that* cost?

*Her Son (gloomily).* Cost? Why, about two days' pay for every man in the Service!

*His Mother.* Well, I call it a shame for the Army to be fleeced for *that* thing. Are those creatures intended for mermaids, with their tails curled round that glass ball, I wonder? [*She sniffs.*

*Her Daughter.* I expect it will be crystal, Mother.

*Her Mother.* Very likely, my dear, but—glass or crystal—*I* see no sense in it!

*Daughter.* Oh, it's absurd, of course—still, this figure isn't badly done, is it supposed to represent St. GEORGE carrying the Dragon? Because they've made the Dragon no bigger than a salmon!

*Mother.* Ah, well, I hope HER MAJESTY will be better pleased with it than I am, that's all.

[*After which they fall into ecstasies over an industrial exhibit, consisting of a drain-pipe, cunningly encrusted with fragments of regimental mess-china set in gilded cement.*

*Before a large mechanical clock, representing a fortress, which is striking. Trumpets sound, detachments of wooden soldiers march in and out of gateways, and parade the battlements, clicking, for a considerable time.*

*A Spectator (with a keen sense of the fitness of things).* What—all that for on'y 'alf-past five!

OVERHEARD IN THE AMBULANCE DEPARTMENT.

*Spectators (passing in front of groups of models arranged in realistic surroundings).* All the faces screwed up to suffering, you see! . . . What a nice patient expression that officer on the stretcher has! Yes, they've given *him* a wax head—some of them are only *papier mâché*. . . . Pity they couldn't get nearer their right size in 'elmets, though, ain't it? . . . There's *one* chap's given up the ghost! . . . I know that stuffed elephant—he comes from the Indian Jungle at the Colinderies! . . . I *do* think it's a pity they couldn't get something more *like* a mule than this wooden thing! Why, it's quite *flat*, and it's ears are only leather, nailed on! . . . You can't tell, my dear; it may be a peculiar breed out there—cross between a towel-horse and a donkey-engine, don't you know!

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

*At the back, amidst tropical scenery, an endless procession of remarkably undeceptive rabbits of painted tin are running rapidly up and down an inclined plane. Birds jerk painfully through the air above, and tin rats, boars, tigers, lions, and ducks, all of the same size, glide swiftly along grooves in the middle distance. In front, Commissionnaires are busy loading rifles for keen sportsmen, who keep up a lively but somewhat ineffective fusillade.*

*'Arriet (to 'ARRY).* They 'ave got it up beautiful, I must say. Do you *get* anything for 'itting them?

*'Arry.* On'y the honour.

*A Father (to intelligent Small Boy, in rear of Nervous Sportsman).* No, I ain't seen him 'it anything *yet*, my son; but you *watch*. That's a rabbit he's aiming at now. . . . Ah, *missed* him!

*Small Boy.* 'Ow d'yer *know* what the gentleman's a-aiming at, eh, Father?

*Father.* 'Ow? Why, you notice which way he points his gun.

[*The N. S. fires again—without results.*

*Small Boy.* I sor that time, Father. He was a-aiming at one o' them ducks, an' he missed a rabbit! [*The N. S. gives it up in disgust.*

*Enter a small party of 'Arries in high spirits.*

*First 'Arry.* 'Ullo! *I'm* on to this. 'Ere, Guv'nor, 'and us a gun. *I'll* show yer 'ow to shoot!

[*He takes up his position, in happy unconsciousness that playful companions have decorated his coat-collar behind with a long piece of white paper.*

*Second 'Arry.* Go in, JIM! You got yer markin'-paper ready, anyhow.

[*Delighted guffaws from the other 'Arries, in which* JIM *joins vaguely.*

*Third 'Arry.* I'll lay you can't knock a rabbit down!

*Jim.* I'll lay I can!

[*Fires. The procession of rabbits goes on undisturbed.*

*Second 'Arry (jocosely).* Never mind. You *peppered* 'im. I sor the feathers floy!

*Third 'Arry.* You'd ha' copped 'im if yer'd bin a bit quicker.

*Jim (annoyed).* They keep on movin' so, they don't give a bloke no chornce!

*Second 'Arry.* 'Ave a go at that old owl.

[*Alluding to a tin representation of that fowl which remains stationary among the painted rushes.*

*Third 'Arry.* No—see if you can't git that stuffed bear. He's on'y a yard or two away!

*An Impatient 'Arry (at doorway).* 'Ere, come *on!* Ain't you shot enough? Shake a leg, can't yer, JIM?

*Second 'Arry.* He's got to kill one o' them rabbits fust. Or pot a tin lion, JIM? *You* ain't afraid!

*Jim.* No; I'm goin' to git that owl. He's *quiet* any way.

[*Fires. The owl falls prostrate.*

*Second 'Arry.* Got 'im! Owl's *orf!* JIM, old man, you must stand drinks round after this!

[*Exeunt 'Arries, to celebrate their victory in a befitting fashion, as Scene closes in.*

## THE LAY OF THE LOUD SALVATIONIST.

A SONG FOR THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT. AIR—"*The British Grenadier.*"

SOME talk of WAGNER chorus, of war's wild rataplan,
Or of the well thumped tom-tom of happy Hindostan;
But sweetest of all shindy to which man's ear may list,
Is the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

The swart-skinned Nubian's reed-pipe hath an ear-piercing note,
And you may hear mad music from 'ARRY in a boat;
But safest of all sounds to give the tympanum a twist,
Is the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

Who prates of calm Nirvaña, of quietism's joys?
What are they to "Row's" Gospel, the Paradise of Noise?
Quakerian calm is obsolete, but oh! who can resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist?

They muster in their thousands on market-place, or green,
With blatant brazen brayings, and thump of tambourine.
Are you at prayer, asleep or sick? What odds? You're forced to list
To the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

They throng with thunderous tramplings the city thoroughfare,
In rural nooks their shoutings are on the summer air;
Though sea-side peace be pleasant, its spell may not resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

O Holy Noise! O latest and greatest of man's gods!
With common-sense at issue, with comfort at fierce odds;
Divine, of course, you *must* be,—thrice lucky to enlist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

The Corybantic clangor was cheerful, in its way,
But Hallelujah Lasses the cymbals can outbray.
O raucous throat, O leathern lung, O big belabouring fist!
O tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

## SUCH AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!

THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF HAVING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT "BROUGHT TO YOUR VERY DOOR," WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS NOTICE, ON THE IDENTICAL DAY, TOO, WHEN YOU ARE GIVING A PARTY, AND YOUR FRIENDS WON'T BE ABLE TO GET WITHIN SOME YARDS OF YOUR HOUSE. AND THEN, SO NICE FOR LADIES IF IT RAINS!

"A Nuisance! Nay, my children!" ('Tis Grandam Justice speaks.)
"Town butterflies may think so, and so may country 'beaks,'
The Oracle in Ermine declares you shan't resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"Traffic may be obstructed, and tympanums be rent,
The noise may torture sufferers with sickness well-nigh spent;
But these be merely trifles. Your anguish may assist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"Our self-appointed saviours must work their noble will.
These shouters have small faith in the voice that 's small and still.
Blown brass and beaten parchment take heaven by storm. Then list
To the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"The priests of Baal were noisy, but not so loud as BOOTH.
Charivari and clamour are vehicles of Truth.
At least that seems the notion on which these seers insist,
With the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"Without such little worries the world could not get on!
That sweet thought tempts Dame Justice the bonnet brown to don,
And smite the clanging sheepskin, and aid with voice and fist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"That sick child in her chamber may press an aching head,
The mother, bowed and broken, bend deafened o'er her bed.
Regrettable, but needful, since freedom must exist
For the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!"

So Justice, in zeal's bonnet, so Jurymen in haste!
What *are* the claims of comfort, health, common-sense or taste,
Compared with those of brainless Noise, our new evangelist,
And the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

---

DE LA PART DE MLLE. SAINTE-NITOUCHE.—A demure Spinster says she is quite against the Early Closing Movement, and hopes the shops will keep open as late as possible. "'Early closing' means," she explains, "'early shopping,' and I should blush to commence my rounds before the windows are properly 'dressed.'"

## WEEK BY WEEK.

THE Season has now only some three weeks to run. Already careful dowagers are having themselves packed in chintz or old newspapers, and fathers of feminine families are beginning to emerge from the lurking places in which they had sought refuge with their cheque-books. The number of detrimentals has been calculated to amount to three times the number of first editions of the *Star* newspaper, plus a mean fraction of a child's Banbury cake, multiplied by the nod of a Duchess to a leader of Society in Peckham Rye.

---

From the Canton of Koblinsky a report reaches us that the Deputy Grand Master of the Koblinsky Einspänner has met with a somewhat alarming accident. As he was going his rounds last week, accompanied by his faithful Pudelhund, he observed a *mark* lying on the pavement. On stooping to pick it up, he was unfortunately mistaken for a Bath bun by his canine companion, and before help could be secured he had been partly devoured. However, all that was left of him has been packed in ice, and forwarded, with the compliments of the Municipality, to the EMPEROR.

---

The Great-Western Railway Company intend, it is said, to make unparalleled efforts to secure the comfort of those who may visit Henley Regatta during the present week. All the ordinary trains have been taken off, and special trains, timed to take at least half-an-hour longer, have been substituted for them. As a special concession, holders of first-class return tickets will be allowed to travel part of the distance by omnibus. At Twyford Junction the amusing game of follow-my-leader will be played by four locomotives and a guard's van. The winning locomotive will then steam on to Henley, and upon its return passengers will proceed as usual.

---

Yesterday being the opening day of the Regatta, was observed as a holiday by the natives of Henley. The ancient ceremonial of "Prices up and money down," was, as usual, observed with proper solemnity by all the burgesses of the little Oxfordshire town. There was some boat-racing during the day; but it is beginning to be felt that a stop should be put to this barbarous survival of the dark ages.

## MODERN TYPES.

*(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)*

### No. XV.—THE JACK OF ALL JOURNALISMS.

IN order to become a successful Journalist of a certain sort, it is only necessary that a man should in early life provide himself with a front as brazen as the trumpet which he blows to announce to the world his merits and his triumphs. It is, of course, essential that he should rid himself of any trace of sensitiveness that may remain to him after a youth about which the only thing certain is its complete obscurity, in order that no hint may be sufficiently broad to fit in with the tolerant breadth of his impudence, and no affront sufficiently pointed to pierce the skin with which Nature and his own industry have furnished him. Literary culture must be eschewed, for with literary culture come taste and discrimination—qualities which might fatally obstruct the path of this journalistic aspirant. For it must be assumed that in some of its later developments journalism has entirely cast off the reticence and the modesty which successive generations of censors have constantly held to have been characteristic of an age that is past. Indeed, while it is established that in 1850 the critics of the day fixed their thoughts with pleasure on the early years of the century, though they found nothing but abuse for the journalism of their own time, it is curious to note that many of those who hurl the shafts of ridicule and contempt at the present period have only words of praise for 1850. Without, however, going so far as these stern descendants of CATO, it may be affirmed that the porpoise-hided Jack of all Journalisms, as we know him, never had a greater power, nor exercised it over a larger scope with smaller scruple than to-day.

It has been already said that the youth of the Jack of all Journalisms is lost in obscurity. It is obvious that he cannot have acquired his readiness of pen without much practice, but where the practice was obtained is a puzzle to which each of his enemies has a different key. Some say of him that he spent a year or two at a University, where he was noted for the unfailing regularity with which he sought the society of the wealthy, imbibed strong drinks, and omitted to pay his debts. It is also alleged that he started a colourable University imitation of the journal which happened at that particular time to be the most highly coloured in London, and that, after struggling through two numbers of convulsive scurrility, the infant effort withered under the frown of the Authorities, who at the same time sent its founder down. Others, however, declare him to have been the offspring of a decayed purveyor of spurious racing intelligence, who naturally sent his son to shift for himself after he had lost his last shirt in betting against one of his own prophecies. Others again aver, and probably with equal accuracy, that he was at no time other than what he is when the world first becomes aware of his existence—the blatant, cringing, insolent, able and disreputable wielder of a pen which draws much of its sting and its profit from the vanities and fears of his fellow-creatures. Be that as it may, he somehow becomes a power. He attaches himself to many journals, the editors of which he first pesters, afterwards serves, and always despises. He may perhaps have dabbled in music, and caused a penniless friend who is musical to write for small pay songs which he honours by attaching his own name to them as their composer. Woe betide the unhappy aspirant to the honours of public singing who ignores the demand of this quasi-musical Turpin that she should sing his songs. For, having become in the meantime a musical critic, he will devote all his talents to the congenial task of abusing her voice in his organ—which is naturally the more powerful instrument of the two. Should she, however, submit to his extortionate requests, he will deem himself entitled to embitter the rest of her existence with his patronising commendation.

However, before reaching this pitch, he will have made his mark as an interviewer and a picturesque social reporter. In the former capacity he will have hunted momentary celebrities into the sanctity of their rooms, whence, after exchanging two words with them, he will have emerged with two columns of conversation. In the latter capacity, he will create for himself and the readers of his paper a social circle, the members of which, bear the same relation to Society proper as a lurcher does to a pure-bred greyhound. For there are many so-called social sets which are select merely because few desire to enter and many to leave them, and to these the Jack of all Journalisms is often a prophet and a leader pointing the way to the promised land. Thus we learn, with surprise, at first, and afterwards with the yawn that comes of the constant repetition of an ascertained fact, that the receptions of Lady TIFFIN are a model of all that is elegant and *recherché*, whilst the dresses and jewels of Mrs. JIFFS are always a subject of enthusiastic admiration to those amongst whom she moves; and it is only in moments of peculiar moroseness that we remember that neither of these two ladies is qualified by position or refinement for anything more than a passing smile. Yet to many, the mere fact that they are mentioned in paragraphs, is proof positive of their descent from the VERE DE VERES.

Moreover, the Jack of Journalisms will, at one time or another, have risen from the position of one who chronicles second-rate shows in remote corners of his paper, to be the recognised dramatic critic of a powerful organ. He thus acquires an extraordinary influence which he consolidates amongst outsiders by occasional lapses into a fury of critical honesty and abuse. It may be said of him, indeed, that, "Hell hath no fury like a critic scorned," for if he should, on any occasion, have taken umbrage at the treatment accorded to him by an actor or a manager, he will never allow the offence to fade, so long as he can fashion insinuations, misconstrue motives, or manufacture failure with his pen.

In appearance the Jack of all Journalisms is not altogether pleasing. His early struggles against irresponsive editors have left their mark upon him, for having been compelled to seek consolation for disappointment by indulging in strong drinks, he never completely loses the habit which tells, of course, both upon his dress and temper. Though success, by bringing the pleasures of the table within his reach, has increased the rotundity of his figure, it has never been able to make his collars snowy or his conversation refined. He is often found upon the Committees of new Clubs which start with a blare of journalistic trumpets upon a chequered existence, only to perish in contempt a few years afterwards. But while they last he attends them in the hope of picking up a friend who may be valuable, or some gossip which he may turn to account. As a rule, he affects the society of those who are intellectually dull in order that he may pass with them for a man of immense culture and unfathomable sagacity. Over the third long drink provided for him by an admiring associate of this sort, he will grow eloquent, and his conversation will sparkle with reminiscences of leading articles he may once have written, and anticipations of others that he proposes to write. Those who hear him on such occasions will opine that he is a man of genius, who is only prevented by the carelessness of a Gallio from becoming a statesman of the first rank.

A little later he will rise still higher, and will become the almost recognised medium through which really fashionable intelligence is converted into common knowledge. In this position he will allow nothing to escape him, and if one of the highest persons in the land should invite six friends to dinner, their names will on the following morning be known to the Jack of all Journalisms. It is unnecessary to say that in the course of this career he acquires, not only notoriety, but enemies, who watch eagerly for the false step that shall bring him to the ground. In spite of his craft, he is inevitably driven from boldness into rashness, and after waging a fruitless war against rascals more accomplished than himself, he, with a courage that scarcely atones for his imprudence, enters the witness-box, and, a flood of light having been thrown upon his past career, he finds himself for two nights blazoned in enormous letters on the posters of the evening papers, and is compelled, in the end, to submit to an adverse verdict, and to retire, "it may be for years or it may be for ever." from the open practice of a profession in which he had so distinguished himself.

## ACCORDING TO A RECENT PRECEDENT.

[Her Majesty's Servants are invited to cheer the Queen.—*Official Invitation.*]

*Soldiers.* Not us—we want more food!

*Sailors.* Belay there—give us more liberty ashore!

*C. S. Clerks.* Can't attend to private business during office hours—redress our grievances!

*Postmen.* Don't care a rap—groans as before—haven't changed *our* sentiments!

*Police.* Move on with that there request—just mind your own business, and look after our pensions!

*Inland Revenue Receivers.* No! That's the only Tax that needn't be paid!

DISTINGUISHED UNIONISTS.—On Saturday next, at Westminster Abbey, Mr. H. M. STANLEY, the founder of the "Congo Free State," enters the "Can't-go Free State."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON begs to acknowledge the receipt of a delightful book entitled, *Bordeaux et ses Vins (Cinquième édition!) Classés par Ordre de Mérite*, written by M. EDOUARD FERRET, and enriched with 225 views of vine-culturing Châteaux, by M. EUGÈNE VERGEZ. It is published by G. MASSON, Boulevard Saint Germain 120, and now the Baron has placed it within reach of all the world. This particular volume was presented to the Baron by Messrs. HANKEY, BANNISTER & Co., who succeeded to the business of TOD HEATLEY & Co. (why was there never a Scotch firm of TODDY DRINKLEY & Co.?) Judging from a few casual dips into its contents, it will evidently afford him some interesting half-hours with the best *crus*. The *connoisseur* in claret should go right through the book until he comes to "*Entre-deux-mers*," by which time he will be as wise and as ready as was SOLOMON, *entre deux mères*, to pronounce judgment. The history of the Pape Clement wine takes us back to 1305, and is correctly told; but the Baron doubts whether M. FERRET has ferreted out the real story of the Château Haut-Brion. The fact is, that about the Twelfth Century, Seigneur THE BARON O'BRIEN from County Clare—which, as you see, only requires a "t" to make "Clare" into "Claret"—became the happy possessor of this elegant vine-growing district. The Baron O'BRIEN having taken a great deal of trouble about the good of his body, was one day struck by the remark, "*in vino veritas*," and thought he would do something for the good of his soul. So he founded a Mission, *La Mission O'Brien*, and then died in the odour of the most celebrated *crus*. On his tomb were the simple words, "*Il crut*." In the course of time, grass grew over the stone, the Mission moved, sold the property, and another family of Irish descent, O'BLIVION, would have wiped out every memorial of the original pious founder, had it not been for the peasantry, who had Gallicised O'BRIEN into HAUT BRION, under which name it has been known for the last two centuries. If this is not the veracious history of this celebrated wine, the Baron would like to know what is? How sensible to give an order of merit to the best Claret-grower. Two Barons of the House of ROTHSCHILD are thus distinguished. It was after trying many other Clarets that Baron JAMES turned to Barons ALPHONSE GUSTAVE and EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD, and uttered the memorable words, "*Revenons à nos moutons*." It is a fascinating work, and the Baron has only just put down these few notes as an instalment of a grand book on wines, wine-growers, and wine-drinkers of all countries, which he is on the point of bringing out, entitled *Folks and Grapes*.

Refreshment for the Baron.

The Baron likes persons who take a hint kindly and act on it sensibly. He says this *à propos* of the Hairless Paper-pad Holder, the bald idea of which was suggested in *Mr. Punch's* pages. The paper-pad will be found most useful to travelling writers who use ink, and those authors whom gout, or some other respectable ailment, compels to work recumbently in bed or on sofa. The writer in bed, with ink handy, has only to take up his pad in one hand and his pen in the other, and as sheet after sheet is covered—sheets of paper *bien entendu*—he tears it off, and dries it at once on the blotter, which forms a portion of the pad. For Mr. GLADSTONE, when he is once again Prime Minister, the *Hairless Paper-pad* will be invaluable, as he can place it comfortably on his knee, write his despatch to HER MAJESTY, and blot it without distraction. As a writer of considerable practical experience, the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS strongly recommends the Hairless Paper-pad, which he will leave as a Hairloom to his family.

The Baron wishes to say that he has received *Dunlop's Calculating Apparatus*, and in attempting to discover how on earth to use it, whether as a game, or a puzzle, or a ready-reckoner, the Baron's hair is turning from grey to white. There are numbers, and sections, and tons, and small figures and large figures, and slips, and strips, and numbers in black ink, and others in red ink, and though it must of course be the very simplest and easiest thing in the world when you once know all about it, yet it is just the sort of book (yet it isn't exactly a book) that might have deeply interested the Hatter and the March Hare, and LEWIS CARROLL's Snark Hunters, and suggested many deep questions to the inquiring mind of *Alice in Wonderland*. As a really humorous production, capable of affording amusement for many a weary hour, it may be safely recommended to parties in country houses during an exceptionally rainy season.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been reading *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, *No Thoroughfare*, and *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, the joint work of CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS, and now published for the first time in a single volume. He says that the book is instructive, inasmuch as it shows the growth of its authors' collaboration. When the writers started *The Lazy Tour* they were, so to speak, like the gentleman seated one day at the organ, "weary and ill at ease;" they grew more accustomed to one another during *The Perils*, and attained perfection in *No Thoroughfare*. This last novel shows no traces of dual workmanship, and might have been the outcome of a single pen. My "Co." has but one fault to find with Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL (Limited)—he says that the stories deserved better illustrations.

## A VALID EXCUSE.

[A Juror who failed to put in an attendance at the Old Bailey sent an excuse that he was away on his honeymoon. The LORD MAYOR declared this was a perfectly valid excuse.]

THE sly Undergraduate, eager to be
Of Tutors and Deans an acute circumventist,
Has been known to declare, when he went on the spree,
'Twas to bury his uncle, or call on his dentist.

The husband who's ever in scrapes or in pickles,
And in coming home early displays a remissness,
Is wont, if it's safe to believe HARRY NICHOLLS,
To say he stayed out on "a matter of business."

The hero whose praises they constantly sound,
A Triton 'mongst minnows in prowess at cricket,
When bowled by a ball that did *not* touch the ground,
Very frequently swears 'twas the state of the wicket!

And the Juryman, finding excuses were vain,
Of the Judge's displeasure has ever been fearful,
Since he knew it availed not a whit to complain—
He must be in his place, or pay up and look cheerful.

But the thought of a fine never more will produce
Consternation, nor ever again make him pallid.
In a Honeymoon now he has got an excuse,
And the LORD MAYOR pronounces it "perfectly valid"!

## THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

NOTHING particular this week. Mlle. MELBA, the two DE RESZKÉS, and M. LASSALLE sang, by Royal command, in the afternoon at Windsor Castle. "Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the QUEEN?" Rather. We meant to wind up the week with *Le Prophète*, but JEAN DE RESZKÉ had caught cold,—perhaps on the return journey from Windsor,—and so *Faust* was substituted, with MELBA as *Marguerite*, and RAVELLI the Reliable as *Faust*. We are looking forward to *Hamlet*. "*To be or not to be*"? Probably "to be." Highly successful Season gradually drawing to a close. Where's *Masaniello*? Not heard it for years. It would come out as quite a novelty. Let the Sheriff-elect look to it. If not for this Season, let it mark the year of office of DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS.

"PAROCHIAL" POLITICS INDEED!—Making over to a handful of Colonists that would not fill many an English parish the "mighty mileage" of Western Australia!

**TOUCHING RECIPROCITY BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.**

EDWIN CARRIES HIS ANGELINA'S PARASOL, AND ANGELINA CARRIES HER EDWIN'S SKETCHING MATERIALS.

## "HOPE DEFERRED."

"WEARY of watching and waiting!"
So the old song-words go!
Charity here, contemplating
This trio of lads in a row,
Might turn from the slums of the City,
From "Nobody's Children" might spare
One glance of true practical pity,
One hour of considerate care.

The waifs from the slum and the gutter
Are off "to the country" in troops,
To feed on new eggs and fresh butter,
To frolic with balls and with hoops;
These three, with their eyes on the poster
That hints unattainable joys,
Must envy the son of the Coster,
The waifs of the Workhouse. Poor boys!

They, too, are unitedly yearning
To "go to the country," together.
Hope on the horizon is burning
With prospect of promising wea'her.
One pities them, looking and longing,
Aweary of waiting their turn
With those who are countrywards thronging;
The "Voice of the Country" *they*'d learn.

The lay of the lark or the linnet?
The babble of brooklet or rill?
Nay, that "Voice," to their ears, hath more in it
Than sounds in the nightingale's trill.
There's a song, though to some it sounds raucous,
For them most seductively rolls;
'Tis the crow of a bird (the "Caw-Caw-Cus")
Whose song is *so* like "*Pretty Poll's*"!

## HENLEY REGATTA.

(*By Mr. Punch's own Rowing Man.*)

*Henley, Monday.*

I HAVE arrived, and Henley once more is Henley. Even the weather has recognised me, and good old Plu himself came out to shake me by the hand and talk of old times. The course is of the usual length, but a slight alteration has been made in the breadth. Many house-boats are moored along the Oxfordshire bank. The bridge has not changed its position since I saw it last. The courteous Secretary of the Regatta assured me, that my complaint with reference to the impediment which this structure offers to rowing-boats had been laid before the Stewards. No action, however, is to be taken this year.

This being the day before the Regatta, very heavy work was done by all the crews engaged in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup. They all have a good chance, and, personally, I should not feel the least surprise if I saw at least two eights rowing in the final heat on Thursday. Thames, London, Brasenose, Kingston, New College, and Trinity Hall all possess some "sterling oarsmen," and carry "banners" of different colours. I may remark, in passing, that no crew is allowed to row with more than eight oars.

The race for the Stewards will be exciting. All these officials are in hard training, but the Mayor of Henley is favourite at short odds.*

* *Note by the Editor.*—Are you sure this is right?

*Reply.*—Right? Of course it is. I'm here, and I ought to know.

I notice that the Ladies have a race all to themselves. Doubtless this is due to Miss FAWCETT's pernicious example, but the innovation is not to be commended. The entries for the Visitors are of average quality. Three visitors only are to compete over a course of picnic luncheons and strawberries and cream. I have only room left to remark that the weather has been changeable, and that all the above tips are to be thoroughly relied upon.

## A BALLAD OF BARROW.

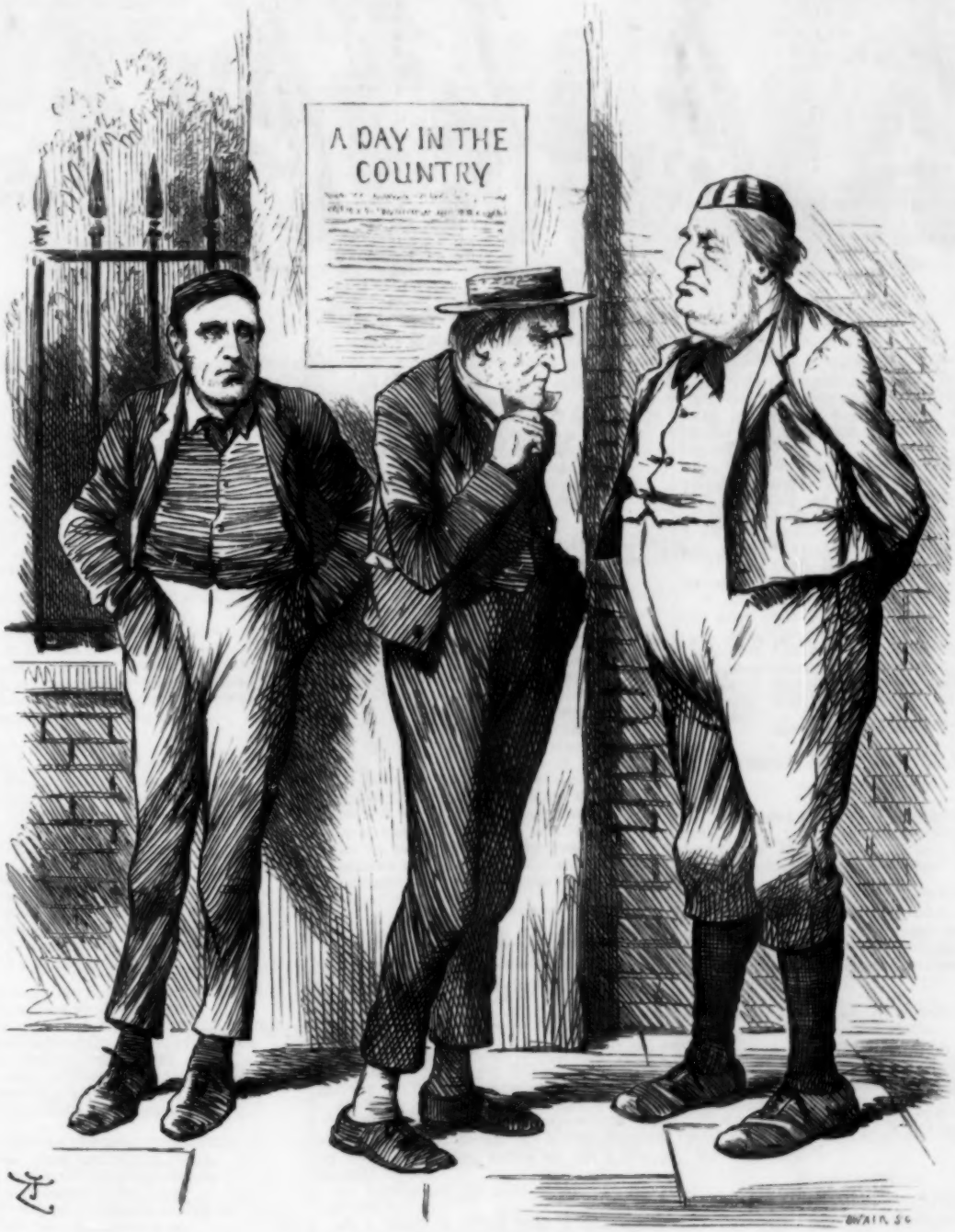
(*After Burns.*)

AIR—"*Duncan Gray.*"

DUNCAN gay came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
'Gainst CAINE, who thought all drinkers fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
CAINE, he held his head full high,
At GLADSTONE sneered *and* SALISBURY,
And bade brave DUNCAN just stand by;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

DUNCAN was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On the poll he gat first place.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Woe for WILLIAM SPROSTON CAINE!
Shifting swift and swagger vain
He will hardly try again;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

NEW TITLE.—The Public-house Compensation Bill shall be hereafter known and alluded to as the *Bung Bungle'd Bill.*




# "HOPE DEFERRED."

CHORUS OF LONGING LADS. "WISH *WE* COULD GO TO THE COUNTRY!"

**EVOLUTIONARY ASSIMILATION.**

*A Story of Signor Piatti and his 'Cello.*

## SUNDAY AT HOME.

THE stillness of the Summer day
Broods o'er the country sweet,
And all things, save the murmuring stream,
Are silent in the heat.
The sunbeams through the green leaves play,
The air is sweet with new-mown hay—
But I am bound at home to stay
Here in Great Gasworks Street.

On the fourth-floor I take the air,
And hear the trains roll by,
And dream of all the visions fair
That o'er the housetops lie;
The meadows where the daisies stray,
The bleating sheep, as white as they,
The breakers and the sparkling spray,
Beneath the smokeless sky.

There's MINNIE in the cradle,
And TOMMY on the floor,
And JOHNNY with a ladle
Is banging on the door;
And, where the household linen dries,
Cross little ANNIE sits and cries
As loud as she can roar.

About the street the children sprawl,
Or on the door-steps sit;
The women, gay with kerchief-shawl,
Engage the men with wit,
Who lounge at ease against the wall,
And meditate and spit.

So through the Summer Sunday hours
The sunbeams slowly steal,
Gilding the beer-shop's saw-dust bowers,
The cabbage-stalks in lieu of flowers,
The trodden orange-peel,
Till, calm as heaven, the moon appears,
A Sister in a house of tears,
Who soothes, but cannot heal.

And now the cheap excursionists
Come, tired and happy, home,
And hear amid the noisy streets
The churning of the foam.
They've seen the surges rolling in
With slow, reluctant roar,
Or shouted to the ceaseless din
Along the rocky shore;
And others in the woodland way,
Or on the breezy down,
Have gone excursioning astray,
While I have stayed in Town,
And wished that I was dead and bu-ri-*ed*,
For all my Sunday gown.

And little BOBBY's hair is curled
By country breezes sweet;
And LIZZIE's heart is full of light,
Though heavy are her feet.
Father and mother face their plight
More hopeful for the treat,
And bless the God who made a world
Beyond Great Gasworks Street.

WHERE AND HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY, WEATHER PERMITTING, OF COURSE.—Go to Sevenoaks; lovely drive, see Knole Park and House, drive back *viâ* Farningham—prettiest place possible, and one that the broken-hearted *Tupman* might have chosen for his retreat from the madding crowd—to Dartford, where dine at the ancient hostelrie called "The Bull." Recommended by the *Punch* faculty, the Bull and no mistake. Then up to London, still by road,—if a fine moonlight night, delightful,—and remember the summer day so well spent as "a Knole 'Oliday."

## TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

(*Being Questions and Answers Cut on the Straight.*)

*Question.* So you have finished your education?

*Answer.* Yes, thanks to the liberality of the School Board.

*Q.* Do you know more than your parents?

*A.* Certainly, as my father was a sweep, and my mother a charwoman.

*Q.* Would either occupation suit you?

*A.* Certainly not; my aspirations soar above such pursuits, and my health, impaired by excessive study, unfits me for a life of manual labour.

*Q.* Kindly tell me what occupation *would* suit you?

*A.* I think I could, with a little cramming, pass the examinations for the Army, the Navy, or the Bar.

*Q.* Then why not become an officer in either branch of the United Service, or a Member of one of the Inns of Court?

*A.* Because I fear that as a man of neither birth nor breeding, I should be regarded with contempt in either the Camp or the Forum.

*Q.* Would you take a clerkship in the City?

*A.* Not willingly, as I have enjoyed something better than a commercial education, besides City clerkships are not to be had for the asking.

*Q.* Well, would you become a shop-boy or a counter-jumper?

*A.* Certainly not; I should deem it a sin to waste my accomplishments (which are many) in filling a situation suggestive of the servants' hall, rather than of the library.

*Q.* Well then, how are you to make an honest livelihood?

*A.* Those who are responsible for my education must answer that question.

*Q.* And if they can't?

*A.* Then I must accept an alternative, and seek inspiration and precedents from the records of success in another walk of life, beginning with the pages of the *Newgate Calendar!*

## MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

PLATFORMULARS.

"*The humble individual who now addresses you;*" *i.e.*, "I mustn't exactly assert my superiority in so many words; this is an invitation to you to do it for me."

DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

"*Quite a wonderful wine, when you think of the price;*" *i.e.*, Good enough for *you*.

"*He is said to have quite the biggest practice about here;*" *i.e.*, You may call him in if you like; *I* shouldn't.

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"*Poor dear Mulligan! he is quite too delightfully good-natured, don't you know;*" *i.e.*, "A great goose who gushes, and fancies it generosity."

"*A great authority on Golf;*" "An energetic bore, whose talk is all of 'bunkers' and 'Mr. BALFOUR.'"

ELECTIONEERING.

"*Have been asked to come forward;*" *i.e.*, "The result of ten years pushing and scheming on my part."

A "*local*" *man;* *i.e.*, Owns a small property in the furthest corner of the county.

"*The good old cause;*" *i.e.*, Ourselves.

"*Have always felt that the —— class are the mainstay of the country;*" *i.e.*, "Must conciliate the industrial section of constituency."

**THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.**

*Frivolous Lady* (*making conversation*). "OH, THE ACADEMY! I NEVER SAW SUCH RUBBISH AS THERE IS THIS YEAR!" (*Suddenly remembers that the Gentleman she is talking to is an R.A.*) "HAVE YOU ANYTHING THERE!"

*R.A.* "YES; THE FIVE BIG PICTURES YOU SAW IN MY STUDIO, AND SAID YOU COULD LIVE WITH FOR EVER!"

## EPITHALAMIUM.

(*Westminster Abbey, July* 12, 1890.)

"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout."
SPENSER, "*Epithalamion.*"

"BRING home the triumph of our Victory,"
Sings SPENSER. From wide wanderings you have come
Victorious, yet, as all the world may see,
Your sweetest, crowning triumph find—at home.
Say, would ULYSSES care again to roam
Wed with so winning a PENELOPE
As STANLEY'S DOROTHY?
Loyal like her of Ithaca, and dowered
With charms that in the Greek less fully flowered,
The charms of talent and of character,
Which blend in her
Who, won, long waited, and who, waiting, won
The virile, valiant son
Of our adventurous England. May the bays
Blend well with Hymen's roses, and long days
Of happiness and honour crown the pair
For whom to-day loud plaudits rend the air.
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout,"—
Health to brave DOROTHY and STANLEY stout!

## REALLY ENTERTAINING.

CAPITAL entertainment the GERMAN REEDS have just now. Mr. ALFRED REED immensely funny in *Carnival Time*, written by MALCOLM WATSON and CORNY GRAIN. You should have heard Miss NELLIE FARREN'S hearty laughter at the drolleries in St. George's Hall last Thursday afternoon. NELLY FARREN'S as good an audience as she is a comic actress, and that's saying a good deal. Miss FANNY HOLLAND and Miss KATE TULLY excellent. Then, after the *Carnival*, CORNY GRAIN'S *Society Peepshow for* 1890 sent everybody into fits. That austere Indian Judge, Mr. Justice STRAIGHT, was straight no longer, but bent double by convulsions of laughter. Mr. CORNY GRAIN deals out pleasantly some hard bits all round, but as everyone applies them to his or her neighbour, everyone naturally enjoys the joke immensely. We used the word "drolleries" just now. Happy Thought; As we have had the Fisheries, and the Sogeries, and any number of other "eries," why not re-name St. George's Hall "The Drolleries?" Advice gratis:—Before the Season's over, it is a place to spend a happy afternoon or evening. As *Hamlet*, if he had thought of it, would have said to *Ophelia*, "Go! to the Drolleries! Go!"

## A DIALOGUE UP TO DATE.

(*With some Remarks on the Importance of Talking an infinite deal of Nothing.*)

SCENE—*A Room.* PERSONS—GILNEST *and* ERBERT.

[For further details, see Mr. OSCAR WILDE'S Article in *The Nineteenth Century* for July.]

*Erbert* (*at the banjo*). My dear GILLIE, what are you doing?

*Gilnest* (*yawning*). I was wondering when you were going to begin. We have been sitting here for an hour, and nothing has been said upon the important subject we proposed to discuss.

*E.* (*tapping him lightly on the cheek*). Tut, tut, my dear boy, you must not be petulant. And yet, when I come to study you more closely, your face looks charming when you make a *moue*. Let me see you do it again. Ah, yes. You look into my eyes with the divine sullenness that broods tragically upon the pale brow of the Antinous. And through your mind, though you know it not (how indeed should you?), march many mystical phantoms that are not of this base world. Pale HELEN steps out upon the battlements and turns to FLAUBERT her appealing glance, and CELLINI paces with Madame DE SEVIGNÉ through the eternal shadows of unrevealed realism. And BROWNING, and HOMER, and MEREDITH, and OSCAR WILDE are with them, the fleet-footed giants of perennial youth, like unto the white-limbed Hermes, whom Polyxena once saw, and straight she hied her away to the vine-clad banks of Ilyssus, where Mr. PATER stands contemplative, like some mad scarlet thing by DVORÁK, and together they march with the perfect significance of silence through realms that are cloud-capped with the bright darkness that shines from the poet's throne amid the stars.

[*Stops, and lights a cigarette.*

*G.* Oh, beautiful, beautiful! Now indeed I recognise my ERBERT'S voice; and that is—yes, it must be—the scent of the cigarettes you lately imported. Grant me one, only one. (*Takes one and lights it.*) But what were you talking about?

*E.* (*pinches his cheek*). There you are horrid again. But you smile. *Je te connais, mon brave.* Γιγνώσκω σε πάνυ (never mind the accents). *Ich kenne dich, mein alter. Cognosco te, amice.* I know you, old fellow. You are only chaffing. As if you had not discovered that which all truly great indolence has taught ever since the first star looked out and beheld chaotic vastness on every hand. For to say something is what every puny whipster can do. To talk much, and in many languages, and yet to have said nothing, that, my dear GILLIE, is what all have striven for, but only one, gifted above his fellows with magic power of weaving the gossamer thread of words, has truly attained. For it is in that reconcilement of apparent opposites, and in the cadenced measures of a musical voice, that the dignified traditions of an æsthetic purity, repellent to the thin, colourless lips of impotence, reside and make their home. But—— [*Breaks off, and lights a cigarette.*

*G.* (*lighting a cigarette*). Is that really so?

*E.* Yea, even as LUCIAN—— [*Short notes, to be afterwards filled out:*—Throw in Hector, the Myrmidons, COLERIDGE, RUSKIN, OHNET, LEWIS MORRIS, ARISTOTLE, LIONARDO, St. Anne, Juno, Mr. HOWELLS, LONGINUS, FRONTO, LESSING, Narcissus. Stir up with SHAKESPEARE and MILTON. Add CICERO and BALZAC.]

*G.* ERBERT, ERBERT, how learned you are, and how lovely! But I am weary, and must away.

[*He moves off.* ERBERT *attempts to detain him. In the end they quarrel.* ERBERT *breaks the banjo over* GILNEST'S *head.*

*E.* You are a horrid pig, and I don't like you at all!

(*Not to be continued.*)

JAMES'S HAIR APPARENT.—Everyone recognises ex-President JAMES, author of the Whistlerian book on *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, by his distinguished white lock just over his forehead. No one dare call this "a white feather," as he has never shown it. Some people looked upon it as caused by JAMES'S powder. This is not so. It may be correctly described as an illustration of "Locke on the Understanding."

## ELECTROPHONOSCOPIC CHAT.

(*A little of it, picked up at the Office.* A.D. 1900.)

THERE must surely be some mistake. Here, what's this? This old toothless hag, without her wig, is unknown to me! And why does she address me as "ARCHIBALD"? I was expecting to see my beloved ARAMINTA.

Excuse me, but I think we have been wrongly switched on. From your description you seem to be having the interview I was expecting with my dear good Grandmother. While this charming young Lady——But perhaps you would like to see for yourself?

A thousand thanks! It is my own ARAMINTA! Pray let us change places, and allow me to resign you your good Grandmother at once.

Ha! why does that poor Gentleman turn faint and stagger towards the door in search of a little air? Let us ask the Postmistress.

She says he has just concluded a terrible interview with his Wife's mother. But see, he has recovered himself and struck an attitude of defiance. That at least, at the other end, will impress her.

See how that Stockbroker is leaping with delight! And no wonder. He has just been electrophonoscopically attending the "Illinois Central" half-yearly meeting at New York, and, having speculated for the rise, finds that he has made a pot of money.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June* 30.—Wanting to know about Heligoland in the Lords. ROSEBERY inquires especially how population like the change?

"Oh, that's all right," said the MARKISS; "if there's one thing the Heligolanders have been pining for since date of their birth, it is for union with Germany. If we'd only been generous, we ought to have gratified their desire long ago. I don't wish to touch on controversial matters, but I must say if the Government, of which my noble friend was an ornament, had, when in office, only ceded Heligoland to Germany, they would have deserved well of their country, and might have been assured of the enthusiastic support of noble Lords on this side of the House, and of the Party of which my nephew is a Leader in another place. It is impossible for me, without making your Lordships late for dinner, a crime from which I trust to hold my conscience free, fully to set forth the universal advantage that arises from this stroke of policy. It pleases everybody, especially the Heligolanders."

The Exile from Erin.
(Just arrived in Holyhead.)

ROSEBERY persistent; wants to know what means were taken to obtain the opinion of the population, and elicit this pean of joy?

"Oh!" said the MARKISS, "obviously, they are documents of a confidential nature."

"Confidential with the population?" asks GRANVILLE, in softest tones, with bewitching smile, and most deferential manner. For once the MARKISS has no retort ready. Lords sit silent for moment, awaiting answer; none forthcoming; LORD CHANCELLOR, with great presence of mind, proposes "that this House do now adjourn." Agreed to, and Lords go forth, each seeing in his mind's eye the MARKISS in confidential communication with the population of Heligoland, laboriously and conscientiously ascertaining their views, individual and aggregate, on question of transfer.

"The MARKISS is quite right," said ASHBOURNE, looking in from his honourable exile in Dublin; "you can't, I know, frame an indictment against a nation. But you can certainly enter into confidential communication with a population. Capital copyhead it would make for OLD MORALITY: *Confidential Communications Corrupt Good Heligolanders.*"

*Business done.*—In the Commons, spurt to start with; four Bills advanced a stage; then House floundered in Western Australia.

*Tuesday.*—"Wish you'd get yourself made a Peer, TOBY," said DENMAN, gloomily. "Not difficult, I understand; BEABOURNE will tell you how it's done; unlike the Poet, a Peer is either born or made; AYLESBURY, for example, was born; BEABOURNE was made. As you weren't born, you must be made. Baron BOUVERIE-STREET would look very well in the Peerage. You've only to ask (BEABOURNE knows); keep on asking, and in meantime make yourself disagreeable in the Commons, and the thing is done."

Very much obliged to DENMAN; quite kind of him to take this interest in me; but why so anxious on the point?

"I'll tell you frankly, TOBY. I want to create a Party here, and you'd do admirably to begin with. A Statesman, however capable, no use without a Party. You know that very well in the Commons. Everybody there has a Party. I am all by myself here, and the MARKISS and the rest put upon me. Now if I had a Party——"

"HANS BREITMANN had one, you know," I say, liking to humour DENMAN, who is evidently in low spirits.

"Had he? Where did he sit for? Never heard of him; however, as I was saying, if I had a Party I should make the MARKISS sit up."

In the meantime, I gather they have been making DENMAN sit down. Debate on about Sheriff's Assizes Expenses Bill. DENMAN had something useful to say. Approached table; ESHER got up at same moment. Peers impatiently called for ESHER; DENMAN ignored petty insult; commenced his speech; sentences drowned in hubbub; ESHER resumed seat; MARKISS approached table; DENMAN drew himself up to full height, and glared on MARKISS. Knew of old his jealousy of him; stops at no means of gratifying it; now moves, "That Lord ESHER be heard." LORD CHANCELLOR, that minion of the majority, promptly puts question, and declares it carried. For a moment DENMAN stands irresolutely at table, looking round. Suppose he were to lightly skip on to table, and, standing there, defy them all? Suppose he were to lower his head, and run a-butt at the stomach of the LORD CHANCELLOR? What delight to topple him over—to see his heels rise in the air, and disappear with rest of his body at other side of Woolsack! DENMAN laughed to think he should see such fun. Content for the present with contemplation of it, and so resumed seat. "But I'll form a Party," said he; "have my own Whips, and shake this effete Government to its foundation."

A Hot 'Un for the City.

*Business done.*—In Commons: a dull night, lighted up by luminous speech from RATHBONE on Government of Western Australia.

*Wednesday.*—House hard at work all afternoon on Directors' Liability Bill. WARMINGTON in charge of measure; intends to make it warm for Guinea-pigs. ROPER LETHBRIDGE, DIXON HARTLAND, JAMES MACLEAN, and KIMBER, Q.C., protest at length. ROBERT FOWLER, Bart., breaks into lava flood of burning eloquence. If the Bill is carried, what is to become of the City?

"You may," he moans, "write on the front of the Bill, '*Delendum est Londinium*,' um? um?" He, for one, will have no responsibility in the matter; and so, tucking his hands under his coat-tails, he strides forth, to vote against Third Reading of Bill. All in vain; Third Reading carried by 224 votes against 50.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 4.
Oh, what a surprise! One lovely Black Rod interrupts the G. O. M. speaking, —and meets with a warm reception.

*Monday, July* 7.—Opposition in high feather to-night. DUNCAN fresh from great triumph at Barrow, come to take his seat. Liberals

and Irish Members crowd round him as he sits below Gallery waiting signal to advance.

"Then DUNCAN is *not* in his grave?" said MACBETH—I mean MACLURE.

Evidently not. Here in the flesh and high spirits. Everybody dropping into poetry all round. WADDY, who was down at Barrow, gives lengthy account of the contest, "And," he says—

"to conclude,
The victory fell on us."

*Duncan.* "Great happiness!
No more the CAINE of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death."

(*Turning to* PULESTON, *who always comes to shake hands with New Member.*)

"Dismayed not this
Your Captains, MACSMITH and BALFOUR?"

The Caine of Cawdor.

PULESTON admitted that they were a little hipped; rather thought "that most disloyal traitor, the CAINE of Cawdor," having "began the dismal conflict," would get the worst of it; but didn't expect that Liberal would be returned. "But it's of no consequence," added Sir TOOTS; "you must come and dine with me."

DUNCAN rather broke down as he advanced to table amid thunderous cheers from Opposition. Privately explained matter to SPEAKER when he shook hands with him.

*Duncan.* "My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow."

"Oh, you must cheer up," said the SPEAKER, who always has a pleasant word for everybody; "perhaps you won't get in again."

*Business done.*—Irish Constabulary Vote in Committee of Supply; opening of cheerful week for Prince ARTHUR.

## "COMING IN THEIR THOUSANDS."

THE announcement that a Thousand Nurses would be received at Marlborough House last Saturday, naturally attracted a large number of the Guards and Household troops, who were off duty, to the vicinity of St. James's Park and Pall Mall. The excitement among the military somewhat abated when it was ascertained that the Prince and Princess were receiving the "first working subscribers" to the National Pension Fund for Nurses. The Prince made one of his best speeches, and the Princess smiled her best smiles. The Comptroller of the Weather for the Royal Household had given special orders for sunshine, or a good imitation of it from one till three, so umbrellas were not needed; thus symbolically showing that the day of "Gamps" was over, and that a new era of superior nursing was now an established fact. If such a state of affairs had continued as was portrayed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, their Royal Highnesses might have been receiving the last thousand *Sarah Gamps* and *Betsy Prigs*, and addressing them in a very different strain.

DRAMATIC NOTES.—ALEXANDER the Grateful, in returning thanks for the toast of "the Avenue Piece," observed that "he objected to this phrase, as he did not mean to 'av a new piece for a long time, the present Bill being good enough." This cast a gloom over the assembly, which then quietly dispersed.

Mr. IRVING, disguised as *Louis the Eleventh* (the last of the great French cricketers), is at the Grand, in celestial Islington, where the Angel is. These angelic visits are few and far between.

We (who's "we"?) hear a favourable report of *Sowing and Reaping* at the Criterion,—a play that might have been only "sow sow," if it had not been for the reaping good performance of CHARLES the Reaper.

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SELL UNIVERSALIS, if taken "injudiciously," and administered with judgment, will kill the aged, and remove the youthful.

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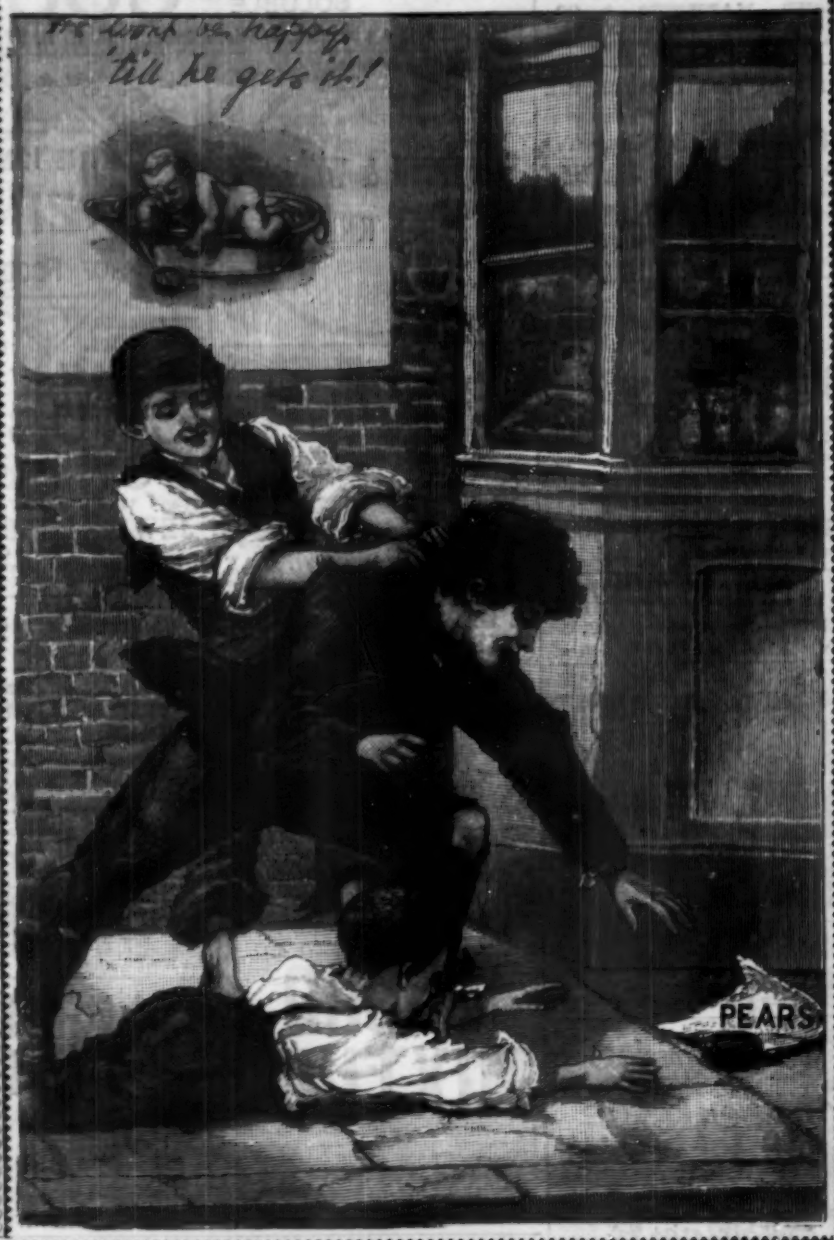


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